

# The Saturday Evening Post

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## THE NINE O'CLOCK BELL.

BY EMMA MARIA CASS.

From your ancient belfry high,  
Tapering toward the star-own sky,  
Falls a clangor—wondrous sweet,  
Pulsing up and down the street,  
Urging home the tardy feet.

"Nine o'clock," the echoes say,  
Dying, quivering away—  
"Nine o'clock—nine o'clock—  
Shut the door—make fast the lock!"

Lovers, loitering down the walk,  
Cease to whisper tender talk!  
Happy children at your play,  
In the moonlight, 'cross the way,  
Hark to what the echoes say,  
Searching, wandering up and down,  
Through the drowsy little town,  
"Nine o'clock—nine o'clock,  
Children, cease your merry talk!"

Yes, the hour of rest has come,  
And the voice of toil is dumb,  
Yet the night bird's dolorous strain  
Dirges out—now dies again,  
Like an anguished soul in pain;  
Hence, running o'er with dew,  
Shedding sweet the long night through,  
Listen to the bell's sweet air—  
Drop your heavy heads in prayer!

Still ring out the dear old tune,  
Through the languid heats of June,  
Autumn's mist and winter's snows,  
Through the maddest wind that blows,  
Through spring's resurrected glows,  
Perched within your cyrie high,  
Very near to God's pure sky,  
Still let fall your clangor sweet—  
Hurry home the loitering feet!

## A ROMANCE OF MY YOUTH.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY LILLIE DEVERUX BLAKE.

Years ago, ere I had learned to coin my  
brains into money, I was at Newport. It  
was August, the season was at its height,  
and I was the belle of the place. On the  
intoxication of that brief period of adorable  
youth and transcendent beauty!

"The soul of the rose went into my blood  
As the music clashed in the hall."

And I the queen of the dance swayed to  
the long strains of the melody. Ah, there is  
something in the enchanted time of flowers,  
and sunshine, and love, that can never come  
again through all the changing years of the  
most eventful career; and even now the distant  
echoes of those days steal up from the  
"long ago," like the mysterious strains that  
chimed over the blue waters of the Mediter-  
ranean from the far islands of the  
syrènes.

The intoxication, the charm, the romance,  
come to memory like the fragments of a  
dream.

"Remembered not with passion's power,  
But oh! remembered still!"

Is it any wonder that young folks are  
reckless, forgetful of the hard facts of life  
in those short, happy years when they  
view everything through an enchanted medium,  
and can no more see stern realities than  
"true Tomatoes" in their land, could tell  
withered leaves from heaps of sparkling  
gold?

It is not surprising then that I fell in love  
with Henry Fielding, though he was only a  
penniless army officer. I first saw him at  
one of the great balls of the season. I had  
been dancing, and passed, flushed, panting,  
and excited, in front of an open window  
looking out on a balcony. The faint sound  
of the distant waves crept in, a solemn  
suspense to the light music of the waltz, the  
fresh sea breeze touched my heated brow.  
I turned to catch it more fully, and our eyes  
met. He was standing just outside the win-  
dow—a slender, handsome young man—yes,  
and Aunt Clara acknowledged that he was  
handsome. So that it was not merely the  
glamour of my youthful glance that made  
him seem so. His large, dark eyes, and  
as our glances met and mingled, I seemed to  
see deep down into those dusky wells, and to  
view his soul, eager, passionate, translucent  
to meet mine. A strange thrill passed  
through me, and I knew that a new interest  
in life had arisen; hitherto I had been a  
butterfly floating on the lightest of summer  
sophyries; henceforth, like Undine, I had re-  
ceived a soul, and was swimming, breast  
high, in the great river of life.

I have often wondered what would have  
happened if I had never seen him again! I  
would the recollections of those eyes have  
haunted me through my life, making all  
other love impossible, and leaving me with a  
vague hunger of the heart forever un-  
satisfied? or would I have forgotten the un-  
known stranger, and danced on, a conscious  
butterfly, to the end?

Such forgetfulness, however, was not to  
be; a quarter of an hour after I first saw  
him, Lieutenant Fielding was introduced to  
me, and in another moment I was waiting  
with him. Ah, that dance! so early an in-  
terview was said—once or twice only I ven-  
tured to look into his glorious eyes. But as



"I cannot go, Henry," I faltered.  
He dropped my hand as I drew back.  
"Farewell!"

There was a step, a plunge, and I stood alone on the overhanging cliff.

our hands clasped, each of us felt that closer  
and closer together were drawing the time  
that should bind us to each other irrevoc-  
ably. When we paused at last, I asked him  
the common-place question—

"How long have you been in Newport?"

"I only arrived this afternoon."

"Have you ever been here before?"

"No—and I should not have come now,  
but for what you will perhaps think a singu-  
lar reason."

There was something so significant in the  
tone, that I asked quickly,

"What was that?"

"You wish me to tell you?"

"Yes, I insist."

"I must obey your commands," he re-  
plied. "But if I thus accept your over-  
sight, you must promise to pardon me if I  
seem too audacious."

"You are pardoned beforehand," I said,  
laughingly; "I fancy your offense will not  
be a very heavy one."

"You shall judge. I came here to see  
you."

"To see me; but, Mr. Fielding, I can't  
understand—I never had the pleasure of  
meeting you before."

"No, but I have heard of you. Fanny  
Molten—the name of my most intimate  
friend—is my cousin. His showed me  
your picture, and told me of you. Shall I  
tell you what she said?"

"Oh, no," I replied, "Fanny is a flat-  
terer; I can guess what nonsense she would  
talk."

"It was not nonsense," he answered,  
earnestly. "It was less than the truth."

"You are very good," I murmured, ut-  
tering the conventional reply.

"If it troubles you, I will not repeat her  
eulogy," he said. "But now that you know  
my offense, am I pardoned?"

"Yes, certainly, any friend of Fanny's—"

"No, no!" he said, impatiently, "that is  
not enough; forgive me for my own sake.  
Do you?" very eagerly.

"Yes." But my eyes fell under the ardent  
of his glance.

"And something more, fair queen. I am  
under orders to leave in a fortnight, to go  
far West to fight the Indians—that means to  
danger, and perhaps to death. May I be  
your slave for the short period of my stay?"

I looked at him now—even at that mo-  
ment the dark shadow of that impending  
separation seemed to fall upon me with a  
chill of its despair. Once again our glances  
met and mingled as I said,

"Yes."

As I spoke he clasped my hand in his,  
drew his arm around me, and without a word  
we whirled once more into the dance.

From that moment Henry Fielding was  
my devoted attendant. We danced together  
so often on that first evening as to attract  
much comment—and in another week "our  
liaison," as the world called it, was the  
common theme of our friends.

Already other gentlemen drew back when  
Henry approached, recognizing in him the  
favored attendant. As for myself, I made no  
secret of my preference; no words of actual  
avowal had passed between the young sol-  
dier and myself—but each had the other's  
heart, and I knew that he loved me as wholly  
and passionately as I loved him.

Aunt Clara became seriously alarmed at  
last, and one morning when I returned from  
a long solitary ramble with the Lieutenant,  
called me to her room and took me to task.

"My dear Edith, it really seems to me  
that you are going on rather desperately  
with this young Mr. Fielding—aren't you?"

Aunt Clara was herself a fashionable wo-  
man, who I think as a rule regarded the care  
of me as rather a bore, but had a feeling of  
pride which prompted her to wish to secure  
a wealthy part for her orphan niece.

"My dear aunt," I replied, "I don't  
know how desperate I may be, but I am  
quite willing to acknowledge that I am fond  
of 'going on,' as you call it, with Mr.  
Fielding."

"What!" exclaimed Aunt Clara, raising  
her eyebrows in languid horror, "you don't  
mean that there is anything serious between  
you?"

"No—not yet."

"Not yet!" and she actually sat upright  
in her chair. "Do you intend to signify  
that you would think of accepting this pen-  
sioner soldier if he were to make you an  
offer?"

"My eyes fell and the color rose to my  
cheeks as I murmured, 'I believe I should.'"

My aunt for a moment seemed almost  
speechless with horror, then slowly she  
gathered her forces to remonstrate with me  
on my madness. Did I know that Henry  
Fielding had nothing in the world but his  
pay, the pay of a second lieutenant, a mere  
beggary pittance, and was I willing to sacri-  
fice myself in that way? I had made a de-  
cided sensation this season, was certainly a  
success, might count on making a really  
good match; it was the rankest folly to  
throw myself away after this fashion! A  
good deal of this sort of argument my aunt  
used; and when she found this had little  
effect upon me, she fell back upon the pa-  
thetic, and asked me in really feeling accents  
how I could be willing to inflict so much  
mortification on her and so distress my uncle.

Here she touched a tender chord in my  
bosom. I was very fond of Uncle Fred; he  
had always been kind to me, and I believed  
was really attached to me. I realized that  
any rashness on my part would pain him  
deeply, and I promised my aunt before we  
parted that I would not enter into any en-  
gagement until I had consulted him. He  
was not expected in Newport for another  
week.

The result of this conversation in no wise  
altered my conduct towards Mr. Fielding.  
I held myself only bound not to accept him  
without consulting with my uncle, but not  
bound to deprive myself of his society for  
the short time yet remaining of his furlough.

Three days before the one fixed upon for  
Henry's departure, he asked me if I would  
walk with him that evening to the Cliff.

There was something in the deep regard of  
his eyes as he asked the question, and some-  
thing in the trembling tone of his voice that  
convinced me the idea that on that walk he  
would be asked to link my fate with his,  
and as I accepted the invitation I felt the  
little color rise to my cheeks and brow.

All day long I was thinking and dreaming  
of the evening, but I gave no hint of the  
contemplated expedition to any one. If  
Aunt Clara had the slightest thought of a  
proposed walk she would consider it her  
duty to prevent so great an impropriety.

Both Henry and I knew this, and without  
making any arrangement in words, we suc-  
ceeded in eluding her vigilance, and nine  
o'clock found us two unattended on our way  
towards the Cliff. We had been obliged to  
make almost a run of it at last, and had  
arrived on so breathless to escape observation,  
that we had had time only for a few laughing  
words until now that we stood on the rocks  
secure at last.

We were alone with the restless ocean and  
the silent night. The great Cliff rose  
around us gray and massive, overhanging

the waters which dashed into foam at their  
feet. The wide expanse of sea stretched  
out before us dark, mysterious. Overhead  
hung the great vault of heaven, star-gemmed  
with the countless suns of other systems.  
There was a low moon, and the pale, ghastly  
glimmer was reflected back from the ever  
shifting waves.

Henry took my hand to guide me down  
the rocks to a seat, and when he had found  
for me a little secluded nest where I could  
sit at ease, he boldly placed himself beside  
me.

"Edith," he said, "Edith," and his voice  
lingered over the name as if there were in-  
tense pleasure in syllabing it; "Edith, I  
love you!"

His arm slid around me, and he drew me  
unwittingly to his breast. All day long I  
had been thinking of this moment and plan-  
ning what I would do. I would not dis-  
courage him wholly, but I would by no  
means betray my whole secret and tell him  
how unutterably dear to me he was, above  
all there should be no weakness of carriage  
on my part, and yet now I seemed utterly  
powerless to resist! For a few wild mo-  
ments I never even thought of my prom-  
ise to my aunt or of anything but my own  
overwhelming happiness.

"Henry! Henry!" as I trembled to meet  
his kiss.

"My own darling!" he murmured, "I  
have loved you with all my soul since I first  
saw you. I have thought that I must wait a  
little while before I told you this. But my  
own! my own! I can tell you all now if you  
will listen to me."

And I did listen while he poured out his  
heart in language that was eloquent at least  
with truth and earnestness, and then at the  
end—

"Let me hear you say that you love me  
and will be mine," he entreated.

This aroused me to a recollection of the  
rashness, almost the treachery of my pre-  
sent action. I half withdrew myself from  
his embrace as I said as steadily as I could—

"Yes, Henry, I love you—but I cannot  
give you any promise now."

"Why not," he demanded impatiently.

"I have given you my life, my soul, and  
can you answer me with any half-withholding  
of your heart?"

"But, Henry," I urged, "I cannot at once  
on so short an acquaintance pledge myself  
to you without the consent of my relatives."

"So short an acquaintance!" he repeated  
indignantly. "Do you measure our knowl-  
edge of each other by cool calculations of  
days and hours? Why, Edith, I feel as if I  
had always known you, and had loved you  
for an eternity of the past, as I shall love  
you for the eternity to come."

"Listen to me a little," I entreated. "I  
am very young, as you know, only eighteen,  
and I cannot enter into any engagement  
without my uncle's consent."

"And yet you love me?" he asked, clasp-  
ing my hands and looking eagerly into my  
face.

"Yes," I faltered, "I love you, Henry."

"How much?"

"More than I ought to tell you."

"No, no!" he cried, "not more than you  
ought to tell me. Say with your whole heart  
and soul, with your own life. For see what  
I am going to ask of you. Edith, I received my  
orders to-day—I must leave here this very  
night."

"So soon!" I exclaimed, and my distress  
must have been written on my face, for he  
clasped me to his heart once more, and for  
a few moments thought only of soothing my  
sorrow.

"My darling! my darling! you do love  
me," he said at last with intense exultation.

"You do not wish to part with me."

"No, no!"

"You need not then, Edith, you shall go  
with me."

"With you, Henry?"

"Yes! I leave here to-night to regain my  
regiment which goes at once to Fort Lincoln,  
Africa hundred miles from here among the  
Indians. Edith, it will be three years before  
I can return. Unless you go with me you  
will in all probability never see me again.  
Edith, will you fly with me to-night?"

For a moment I was as a child gazed by  
this amazing proposition. Then I began to  
traverse a little reason upon my love, and a  
wild and dreamy vision followed. Henry  
would listen to no promise except that of  
absolute surrender and immediate flight.  
If a if I became engaged to him, after that  
communication with my friends, he was  
convinced that I would never marry him.

"During the three years of my absence  
you would have a score of suitors and I  
should be forgotten," he said. "No, Edith,  
you must come with me to-night or never."

In spite of his entreaties, in spite of the  
promptings of my own heart, I resisted.  
God knows I thought I was doing right! Henry  
became fearfully agitated, his en-  
treaties grew more agonized. At last to end  
a scene that had become so distressing I  
saw.

"Henry," I said, "I love you, and I think I  
shall never love any one else. I will do my  
best to persuade my uncle to consent to our  
engagement, and long before those dreadful  
three years we may meet and be married,  
but I cannot, no, I cannot fly with you to-  
night."

"You mean you will not," he retorted  
sarcasically as he stood beside me. "Edith this  
is life or death to me. Once more, will you  
go with me? Before you answer, mark my  
words, I shall not survive your refusal. Will  
you go with me?"

"You are dreadful," I said, trying to  
smile. "If we do part now, we are young,  
and we shall yet meet in happiness."

"No, there can be no happiness for me but  
this; my resolution is taken. An eternal  
union or an eternal separation."

At this moment the sound of voices came  
towards us, breaking in upon us above the  
monotonous rush of the waves, showing that  
the speakers must be very near.

"It is my aunt!" I cried in terror.

Henry seized my hand and drew me sud-  
denly towards the edge of the cliff.

"Edith," he said, "you have not answer-  
ed. Once more, and for the last time, will  
you go with me? No, we can take that  
turning and escape them yet. The boat  
sails in half an hour. Do we part forever,  
or will you go with me? Edith, love, my  
life is in your hands, will you take it?"

Never shall I forget the deep earnestness  
of his tones, the strange hunger of his eyes,  
the warm clasp of his hand on mine.

"I cannot go, Henry," I faltered, and  
I spoke my name as called sharply from  
above.

"Edith!"

I looked up; my aunt and uncle stood on  
a rock above my head.

"You refuse absolutely?" once more came  
the agonized whisper.

"I must go to my aunt."

He dropped my hand as I drew back.

"Farewell!"

There was a step, a plunge, and I stood  
alone on the overhanging cliff. Henry had  
fulfilled his threat, we were parted forever!

When I regained my full consciousness,  
weeks had elapsed since that night, and I  
was at home in New York. I had been  
prostrated with a violent fever, and so weak,  
even after my partial recovery, that it was  
long before I could ask any questions.

Yes, they had found his body at the foot  
of the cliff, and buried it with the honors  
due to a soldier. "It was a shocking ac-  
cident," my aunt said to me significantly.

"It was most fortunate that your uncle and  
I were with you at the time, otherwise there  
might have been unpleasant rumors. But  
as it was, no one wonders that you were ill  
after such a shock. See what lovely flowers  
Mr. Lambert sent you this morning; he has  
been very attentive since you have been ill."

So it ended, the first bright romance of  
my youth. Years have elapsed since then, and  
other pleasures and pursuits have arisen in  
my life, but still some strains of music or  
some careless word will awaken with tremu-  
lous tenderness the unforgettable memory of  
that distant past.

AN ECONOMIC DEVICE.—At a certain  
hotel in Ohio they sent a man at dinner in  
front of a mirror like the convex side of a  
cylinder, which makes his reflection that of  
a thin, hungry, lantern-jawed, cadaverous  
chapp. When he isn't watching, the waiter  
flaps it round, for the thing works on pivots,  
so that the convex side is turned out, and  
the diner, upon again looking up, is startled  
to see himself swelled out to the extreme of  
corpulence, like a champion fat man. Of  
course he doesn't dare to eat any more. He  
feels that if he did he would burst, and the  
soul of the landlord is made glad by this  
economic device.

THE Lake Tahoe and Central Pacific  
Railroad tunnel will be five miles long,  
through solid granite, nineteen feet in  
height, and twenty-one feet wide.

A good name for a street railway con-  
ductor is "Oscar."











## A Ride Through a Tropical Forest.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

The trees shook heads high over head,  
And bow'd and interlaced arms  
The narrow way, white leaves and moss  
The luscious fruit, gold-blossomed and red,  
Through the cool canopy of green,  
Let not one sunbeam shoot between.

Birds hung and swung, green-robed and red,  
Or drooped in curved lines dreamily,  
Rainbows reversed, from tree to tree,  
Or sang low-hanging overhead—  
Sung low, as if they sang and slept,  
Sung faint, like some far waterfall,  
And took no note of us at all,  
Though ripe nuts crashed at every step.

How ran the monkeys through the leaves!  
How rushed they through, brown-clad and blue,  
Like shuffles hurried through and through  
The thick, a heavy water weaver!

How quick they cut us from the cold  
Then sudden, as if they sang and slept,  
And hung limp, as if dead,  
Hung low and restless overhead;  
And all the time, with half-closed eyes  
Bent full on us in mute surprise,  
Look'd wily too, as wise men do,  
That watch you with the head askew.

The long days through from blossomed  
trees,  
There came the sweet song of sweet bees,  
With curious tones of cockatoo,  
That all his back along the bough,  
And walk'd, and talk'd, and hung, and swung.

In crown of gold and coat of blue,  
The wisest fool that ever sung,  
Or had a crown or held a tongue.

## PRACTICAL NOTES

FOR

## FUTURE CALIFORNIA TOURISTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST  
BY A LADY.

No. 7.

## THE BIG TREES.

It is with a mixture of pleasurable anticipations, and a summoning of courage to endure great fatigue, that one leaves the comforts of San Francisco for the trip to the Calaveras Big Trees and the valley of the Yosemite. Before starting, the concluding of baggage is quite a task. It is not for you to think what you may require, but how little you can make suffice your purpose, allowing two weeks for the trip. Trunks are entirely ignored, for should you arrive at the head of the valley with one, you would be coolly informed it must be left behind, as everything is carried in the backs of horses. A good-sized valise must carry all. Therefore one change of dress must suffice. Fortunately there are opportunities for having washing done, and one hails a washerman or woman with delight, for the dust is fearful on the stage route at times.

It is absolutely necessary for comfort to be provided with a bloomer dress, made of either water-proof or habit cloth. The dress may be made the usual length of a walking suit, with fastenings to keep it into bloomer length. The pants to be of lined with a band at the top of the boot. Great care should be taken to have the feet cared for properly. I saw much discomfort and some real suffering caused by the oversight of not providing boots fit for such travel. They should be a substantial pair of good calf-skin boots, thick sole, with oil-finished broad heels, not over half an inch high; and laced instead of buttoned, that the pressure of the buttons will not irritate where the foot comes in contact with the saddle. I expected to find all gentlemen would have given thought to this point, for their out-door life would suggest it, but they were found wanting also, and looked with disgust at their fancy boots, when climbing over pointed rocks and damp ground. A thick pair of chamois gloves is a treasure also; in fact, everything that pertains to comfort is required, and all articles for show or ornament early out of place.

We took our first stop at four P. M., having decided to visit the Calaveras Big Trees on route to the valley. This was our first point. This city is one of the largest and most important in California, being at the head of navigation. My memory of it dwells principally on the enormous sequoia we saw there, as large as our white-bellied peach, and some song, sung by an Italian who strided into the hotel, and in the hour whirled out gems from the different operas with a voice as fine as Brignoli's, though less cultivated. I sat in the moonlight, blessing fate for sending him, and thought how little he dreamed of one whose soul went out in sweet thoughts under the influence of moonlight and music, and of the rest it was gathering from the sweet-scent.

We left Stockton in care for Milton, a distance of twenty-eight miles. The country looked parched and unattractive, the principal feature being the large oaks, planted by nature over the land so regularly, that it gave the appearance of an immense park, where art had planted the trees for effect in the landscape.

At Milton we commenced our staging; and mounting as usual by the driver, on the top of an old-style stage-coach, found our first trial of endurance. There commenced the first lesson. The road was over rolling prairie of short, crisp grass, the stage bounced around like a ball over a bed of water, the sun above bright and warm, what wind there was followed us—our usual good fortune seemed to have forsaken us, and when we arrived at Meripian, the next stopping place, where we were to change coaches, we were a sight to behold, covered as we were with dust. It is amusing to find how soon you understand the ways of strangers. When I first saw the porter of a hotel coming out with feather duster in hand, I thought he mistook it for a whisk, but soon learned the owner was the proper article. They at once commenced at you as they would at a piece of furniture; it appears to make no difference whether you be a valise or individual, as you are handled from the coach, you are dusted off, and put aside.

We were glad to exchange the old stage-coach in which we had ridden thirty-eight miles—and fearfully long those California miles are, they are as long as their stories—for a stage with less of a stage appearance. We had fourteen miles more to ride before

we reached the Big Trees, and though the road had been gradual all day, save the first three or four miles after leaving Milton, we now had a heavier grade, which, with our load, though we had four horses, and made one change, would require four hours to accomplish.

Fortunately for me, I gave the driver kind and obliging; he gave another proof that good warm horses often beat under very rough exterior. I became much interested in hearing of the early mining days. He had been one of the pioneer miners, was mining with the party when the big trees were discovered. He told me how an old hunter who fanned for his miners, and was secured of telling woodman's yarns, returned to camp one evening and told of the mammoth trees he had seen. All laughed, and none believed, but he became so earnest that a party went with him, and lo! there they saw the great plants of the forest; for once he proved his truth. Then I was told how the miners washed where a woman miner was seen. "Why," he said, "I never saw a woman from eighteen feet high till fifty-two, if any one found an old gopher hole in their travel in those days, we would all run to get a look at it. And when the first woman came out to her husband, as soon as she reached the mouth of the creek, it was known twenty miles, like a flash of lightning; each one called out to his neighbor all along the line to the head of the creek. A woman then had only to express a wish, and twenty men were ready to respond to it. As for little children, you bet we made a fuss with them; why I have seen old and young men gather them up in their arms, and cry like babies over them; and if the little fellows would stay off they could not get lost, for some one was ready to watch after them, and carry them for miles in their arms, and when the parents would allow, would tend them as if they were their own, and all the night through."

While relating these little incidents, the eyes of this rough-appearing man would fill up till the tears would be too many for the lids to close upon. Towards sunset we came to larger trees than we had ever seen, and at eight o'clock passed between the "Bentley" and "Grove" hotels, the avenue to the Mammoth Grove Hotel. These two trees are three hundred, and fifteen feet high, and twenty-three feet in diameter. We halted a moment under them with feelings akin to those of a devout Catholic entering St. Peter's for the first time. The stage passed on to the hotel, which looks very small, surrounded as it is with these mammoths. We were weary and dusty, and though you feel a change of toilet is essential for comfort, you doubt if you have the strength for the job—don't feel stiff and sore, and nature craves a good meal. No after removing a portion of the and you have collected during the day, you hasten to the supper-room. "Cats" is equalized in these parts, and my opposite neighbor at the table was my friend the driver, who I felt was a much better companion than many attired in finer costume with manners more polished.

We were most fortunate in having moonlight nights. The hotel is situated in the midst of the trees, and near the edge of the grove. After supper we took the path which entered the forest—the night was glorious, and as we stood at the foot of one of these monarchs, a sudden awe seized me. I trembled as a child, and said, "Oh! do not go farther now. I cannot bear it—it is too much." I did not seem to breathe freely, or my heart quiet its untended beating, till I stood out again in the bright moonlight, beyond the shadows of these great kings. Never shall I forget the impression received during my first view of this forest. As we looked up, up, up, higher, still higher, the towers seemed to touch the stars; and yet the moon's light gleamed over them all. At their feet I sank into insignificance, and from my son I cried, "Oh! God, what am I that Thou shouldst be mindful of me; how dare I turn to Thee, the Creator of such grandeur, and expect to be remembered?" Yet we are told the lily of the field is not forgotten, neither does a sparow fall to the ground without Thy woe fall care. Bread, it is blessed by our faith, for through it comes trust in life.

There are those who are disappointed in not having their expectations realized in the size of the trees at first sight, like many experience on the first view of Niagara, but such was not my case. The valley in which this grove is situated, contains thirty-three sequoia trees, or as I would say aboriginal, for the foliage is precisely similar to the small trees known to us by that name. There are hundreds of sugar and pitch pines, ranging to the height of two hundred feet, and some reaching to ten feet in diameter. Of course there are smaller trees growing there, but the majority are larger than any you ever dreamed of.

The day following our arrival, I had to succumb to physical ailments, through the imprudence of drinking manufactured lemonade, against which I would warn every traveler. Lemons are an unheard-of luxury here, so manufacturers cannot come here to take its place. Lying in bed, when one had so much to see, was a cruel punishment. "No good," said I, and prepared my mind to endure all fatigue and inconvenience, but had not bargained for this. As soon as health permitted, we mounted steeds—not "Bery" ones, and with a guide rode through the forest. It is impossible to convey an idea of the magnitude of these trees. After reading the dimensions, imagine some temple, and knowing its height, compare the figures. The mother of the forest is 305 feet high, and 63 feet in circumference. The father of the forest has fallen, it must have been four hundred and fifty feet high, and forty feet in diameter. In 1855 one of the largest trees was cut down; it is nearly two feet in circumference; five men worked twenty-five days upon it, using large axes. The stump of this tree is the one that has been burned over, and will accommodate four plain gas stoves at one time.

We passed Sunday here, and a minister visiting the hotel called a meeting in the summer house on this stamp. The congregation proved small however, the universal feeling being that the grove was the best church, and the Great Trees the true ministers. God's work is so manifest here, a pure heart must feel the awe and reverence.

Many of the largest trees have been named, some appropriately; yet here is a few instances I would prefer to name, unless it be that of a universally loved man, great in the hearts of the people. They need not great a creation to be called by common names. I guided my horse to the end of one tree that had been cut down, and as I sat on the back of a good sized horse, the top of my hat did not come within four feet of the centre of the log. These trees

are difficult to believe, but they are true. All the tales you hear of these wonderful trees you may accept, for there is no need to exaggerate—the truth is great enough. You forget all the wonders of coming afar to look upon them. And may you all enjoy them as I did. They were as wonderful the last day as the first.

The weather was warm, but the mornings and evenings were delightful. A number of families were spending their summer there, preferring the climate to the cool winds of San Francisco. To avoid the early rising—having to take stage at five A. M. to return to Meripian—we performed a private conveyance, and had a guide to the "Big Trees." One afternoon at four o'clock, and from that to half-past seven, my companion and I rode alone down the Nevada. On the ride we met a drove of sheep, and as they passed I asked the driver how many there were—he said, "A little over twenty-four hundred."

We had a beautiful ride down the mountains, and another morning night; and my heart said, "Shine down, beautiful moon, upon those I love who are far away; let thy silver light brighten my path and thoughts that are lingering in their hearts, teach them the faith and trust, that their hearts may not grow weary waiting the fulfillment of hidden hopes!" We spent the night at Meripian, and the following morning took stage for the valley of the Yosemite.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## LUCY'S GHOST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST  
BY M. F. R.

There was a placid, verdant-banked lake on one side, a range of distant mountains on another, and a beautifully diversified country stretched as far as the eye could reach. Taken altogether, the village of Angleside was a gem of a place, to which the surrounding scenery formed a worthy setting. Some of its young ladies in intimate declared that it was equal to those "larks" of places we read of in English novels. Hearing this opinion, an enterprising citizen offered to put up a few ruins at a moderate cost. He said that he would defy anybody, even with a microscope, to tell his ruins, when finished, from the original articles. Notwithstanding this assurance, the private trustees refused his proposal, and, greatly to the disgust of their romantic daughters, voted to build a school-house instead.

Lucy Dean was the belle of Angleside. There were two Lay Deans; the other was a plain, good-natured girl, a farmer's daughter. These similarities in name might have created some confusion, but it seldom did, as the villagers usually called our Lucy "the Widow Dean's girl." Our Lucy was a very pretty girl, with soft brown eyes and hair, and with a ripe, blooming color in her cheeks that two years of sorrow-teaching had failed to dim. She had many admirers among the male sex, and one of these, Frank Wells, had reason to believe himself the favored one.

Frank was an upright, though somewhat unassuming young man. If a business talent might have entitled him to a respectable livelihood, he had not his darling pursuit wasted time and money in giving him an arid education. They were a well-meaning couple, and he was truly only child, as when he drew unrecogizable men and horses on his slate, the affectionate parents were astounded by the genius which these attempts displayed, and they determined that their boy should become a painter. A Rich or Titian, perhaps, but at least a Sir Joshua Reynolds. And Frank was brought up with this end in view. To pay the expenses of his education, the old people made many sacrifices, and at last sold their farm, but before their work was completed, death came, and Frank was alone in the world.

For a time he pined over a living in Angleside. He painted portraits, all the faces of which were marvellously alike, but the backgrounds and dresses were gorgeously done, so his sitters were satisfied. One day a stray photographer made his appearance in the village, and our hero's occupation was gone. Strange enough on the very day that saw the downfall of his fortune, Frank walked boldly into Widow Dean's kitchen—it was after school was done, and Lucy was there preparing berries—and popped the question. A blushing red as the strawberries in the autumn bowl, spread over Lucy's face. There was a short pause.

"If I'll be your wife, Frank, but not just yet."

"Oh, won't be unreasonable, my own Lucy, I'll give you a month to prepare."

"A month is too short a time—that is unless you allow me to continue to teach after our marriage," she looked up timidly.

"That will be altogether unnecessary, my love," he began.

"In a word, dear Frank, what are your prospects?" she said firmly, but with an involuntary tremor in her voice.

"Prospects!" he echoed, in a tone of surprise, "why, I've fifty dollars in hand, and I can work."

"Is that all? Teen marriage is out of the question—at present."

Frank Wells was filled with astonishment and indignation. "Do not misunderstand me," she continued, earnestly, "I love you, but I am sitting here your life in life, but my mother is aged and an invalid, and must go where I go. I cannot place her in the power of the uncertain future which you offer."

"If you really loved me, you would trust all to me," he broke forth in a fit of anger. "I see your meaning plainly, although you have tried to disguise it! You refuse me because I am not rich!"

"You forget yourself, and to whom you are speaking, Mr. Wells."

"I do not. Farwell, Miss Dean, forever. And he rushed from the kitchen, and sped away from Angleside in the next train.

A few scolding tears fell among the crimson berries in her lap, and then she wiped her eyes, becoming in outward appearance herself again.

Frank Wells's sudden departure was commented upon by some of the villagers, but none of them remembered that such a person had ever lived among them. Lucy did not forget though; her spirits were not so light as had been usual before Frank left Angleside; she was sorry because they had parted in anger, but she did not grow pale, and contrary to the custom of her race, her appetite was very good. Who ever sees anybody with plenty to do, to become love-sick, or die of a broken heart?

Lucy had a great deal of work on her hands just at this time, for her mamma, the

Lucy Dean, fell ill of a fever, and as there was not a more capable or gentler nurse in all Angleside than our Lucy, her services were called into requisition. Three or four months were elapsing between school teaching and attending to the sick child.

"The squire's son's mink's sheep's eyes at you, Lucy," said Widow Dean, one day, "he's been prowling around here for nigh onto a month. I s'pose you didn't notice him, but my old eyes are sharper; if he asks you to be his wife, say yes, for he'll have the Popham's farm when his father dies, and it's right comfortable. I'd admire to live there; he's got a pile of money, too, they say."

Lucy was silent, but she thought over her mother's words as she walked down to Lucy Dean's in the twilight.

She found the sick girl rapidly improving. About eleven o'clock the door swung open with a bang, and tall, sandy-haired Tom Popham, the squire's son, made his appearance.

"Miss Lucy," he bawled, (his lowest tone was a yell,) "I was at your house the evening, and your ma sent me over here to bid you good-night."

"Very well."

So the two started together along the moonlit road. After a great amount of stammering, Tom made the proposal that Widow Dean had anticipated. He told her that he had "loved her without saying nothing for ever so many years," and he painted the delights of the Popham's farm in glowing language.

Lucy meditated. Frank had said farewell forever; she would show him that another man would be glad to marry the girl he had cast aside, if she accepted this offer; besides her mother would be pleased beyond reach of want. She resolved to accept.

"Th'm'm," she said.

"Call me Tom. I'm more used to—Oh, gracious! Look there!"

Lucy stood still, as if turned to stone.

Right before her, in the middle of the path, was a skeleton. The pale moonbeams fell upon the ghastly object, whitening its bones with their light.

"Lucy!" it said in a well-known voice.

Lucy started, and was this his ghost come back from the other world to reproach her?

The skeleton drew its mantle around it, and called her name again. At this juncture Lucy faltered, and the skeleton sprang forward and carried her to the nearest house, which happened to be her own home.

When she came to her senses, or rather when her senses came to her, her mother was engaged in pouring some liquid down her throat, while at far off stood Frank himself in a tight black suit, upon which stripes of white stuff had been sewed to produce the effect of bones, and made him look as much as possible like a skeleton.

"My darling Lucy!" he began, and dashed immediately into an explanation. Here it is. He had taken the train for an adjacent city after his parting from Lucy. There he endeavored to obtain work, but his talents in the artistic line were not appreciated, and he was very glad to get a situation as a cooper in one of the theatres. This he obtained through the kindness of a person whom he had known in Angleside. A raw-boned, bloody-boned set of drama was just then in progress, and our hero was pressed into service to do duty in the role of skeleton. As he was not obliged to say anything, and his only business was to look horrible, he performed his part for thirty nights with great success. He was standing at the side of the stage, waiting for the lighting of the green fire, in the gleam of which he was to appear, when the man from Angleside came in.

"Good-evening, Frank," he said, "I got a letter from the old place yesterday."

"Any news?" Frank asked, eagerly.

"None, except that Dr. Brown's widow has married again, and Lucy Dean is dying of fever."

Lucy Dean dying! He seized a large clock, and threw it over his stage-costume; in a few moments he was seated in the wake of a locomotive, hastening towards home. How slow the train seemed to move!

He reached Widow Dean's gate just in time to meet Lucy and Tom Popham. You know the rest. After the explanation came a reconciliation.

"And, my darling," said Frank, "you need not fear that your mother will not be provided for. A merchant in the city has offered to give me a week's trial as clerk. If I quit him he'll give a thousand a year."

Well, what is the use of making a short story long? In a short time the young people were married; tall Tom Popham and the happy pair got along very well with Frank's thousand a year.

"I'd rather she'd took the squire's son," commented Widow Dean, "but I won't say anything again the matter, for fools will be fools."

Which is very true.

## MEMORIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST  
BY E. L.

Delaware! How I love it.

What pictures the name conjures up in memory's book! Of the walks I have had in the grand old woods; the noise we have gathered there, my girlhood's friends and I, in the glad sunny days of the long ago; and the pleasant rainy days on long bright evenings of eric-cream—the moon shining brightly down in her golden glory, and everything seeming as peaceful and quiet that a holy calm would settle down upon my heart; and God and Heaven seem not very far away.

Within a mile of a noted station on the Baltimore road, in Brandywine Hundred, stood an old-fashioned house. It was a beautiful place though. Room, carob, and flowers, of every variety, were there in almost endless profusion.

Great trees waved their restless branches to and fro; while in the distance gleamed the broad river.

It was a glorious sight—that river! Even now, though years have passed since my eyes were gleamed with the sight, the scene comes vividly before me, as I saw it long ago from the porch which lay along the front of the house.

I stretched along for miles, both up and down, in all its picture-like beauty; leaning on its clear breast the white-winged swallows. Looking beyond, far away on the Jersey shore, one could see the small, white houses looking so peaceful and home-like among the trees. Memory, faithful ever, takes me back to the sunset days. Swirls away are the troubled years which lay be-

tween my girlhood's happy days and those of my more matured years. Truly:

"Memory has honey-cells,  
And some of them are ours;  
For in the sweetest of those dwellings  
The dream of early hours."

Half forgotten these sweeten the the greatest name of music come substitution—melting the ice which in the wintery hours of life's strife has gathered over my heart—until, as in a dream, the fair face of Adelaide Hunt gleams again before me.

She was a pure, delicate looking girl, this Adelaide. Her blue as the heaven, and which you felt were as blue; none small as I perfect, and ripe of crimson lips. Not a beauty by any means—but just such a girl as one would see almost anywhere. One whom you felt you could trust; who would be "forever and forever" true.

We sat, one evening, Adelaide, Howard Leonard, a visitor, and I, on the vine-covered porch, just where we could see the river sparkle and flash in the moonlight beyond.

"Let's tell stories," said I, as the small clock on the mantle within the house rang out the hour of nine.

"Well, begin," Adelaide said gayly. "Once upon a time—"

But I could not begin, so Howard, who was a good story-teller, told us a tale about what happened to him two years before, while he was travelling. After he had finished, we sat there and talked until eleven o'clock, when we arose, said good-night, and separated.

There was to be a picnic in the woods about three miles away, some time in August. We were all to go—Adelaide's father and mother in one carriage, Howard, Adelaide, and I in another. The day arrived, was very fine, and we had a very pleasant time. The woods were gay with people, and birds sang happily in the trees overhead, or twittered to each other as if astonished at the intrusion.

In the crowd I lost sight of Adelaide. At last, however, I saw her coming. How sweet she was, her hands were full of wild flowers, her white dress tucked daintily up to avoid the dew which was still on the grass, and walking by her side was Howard Leonard. I saw him reach out his hand and bend toward her, as if he wanted to take the blossoms away to carry them himself, but she would not surrender them, and so he contented himself with walking quietly beside her, and looking down into her face, as though he thought it pleasant to gaze thereon.

It was long after midnight when we got home and retired to rest. Even after I had gone to my room I put out the light and went and stood by the window, looking out upon the quiet scene. Thinking what a pleasant house it was, and how peaceful the stars looked shining so softly down through the trees, so thoughtfully crowning my mind that it was the last time I would ever watch them from that window. How long I slept after I had got into bed I do not know, but I was awakened by hearing some one under my window shout,

"Fire! Fire!"

I sprang up, looking hastily out. Yes, the house was burning. How I got on my clog and down stairs I do not know, but I found myself on the lawn, with the servants, watching with terrified eyes the doomed house. How slowly the flames crept around that grand old edifice. Flaring its red tongue to the very sky. Creeping remorselessly over the vine-draped windows; darting now here, now there, hissing and crackling as if it would say, anxiously,

"Who is mightier than I?"

Suddenly I heard Mr. Hunt say, "My God! Adelaide is there! Save her, oh, some of you! save my child!"

"Who would risk his life to go in there?" said a voice.

"I will," came the answer, clear and distinct, and turning, the agonized father beheld Howard.

A ladder was placed against the burning building, and the brave fellow stepped firmly upon it. A deep murmur of applause as this act agitated the air; it grew deeper until he disappeared among the flames, when it gave place to almost unbroken silence. Moments passed, hours he seemed to the anxious, loving hearts beating below; still they did not see him. Was he dead? Must they both die together there? Adelaide, our darling, and he who for her sake was willing to risk his life? Such a supposition was not unlikely, but thank God it was false; for, struggling manfully with the dense smoke about him, as appeared bearing in his arms, all wrapped in a blanket, the one he had saved. Very carefully he stepped upon the frail ladder already blackened by the hot kisses of the fire, and descended slowly but safely, step by step, to the ground.

For long hours the fire continued to rage furiously; and when the day broke of the new day broke upon the scene, there was only a pile of blackened ruins to remind us of our home. There was another house on the place, and as it (fortunately for us) was empty, Mr. Hunt immediately moved into it, bringing the necessary things to fit it out from the city.

Howard was burned fearfully, and for weeks after the fire he lay on his bed with bound-up limbs. Then there came a change, but it was many days before the burns sufficiently healed to admit of his going to his own home. The time came, however, when he could no longer delay his departure, when not even his affliction for Adelaide could make him longer forget his duty. It was fall then. The trees were already changing their summer robe of green for their autumn one of purple, amber, and gold, warning him that he, like them, must be at work. And so he made up his mind to go, after telling Adelaide of his love, only waiting the opportunity, which soon came. I had been out for a walk one morning. I felt tired when I returned, and had seated myself on a low chair, which stood in the side hall, to rest. While seated there, I heard the murmur of voices, and looking up saw that Howard and Adelaide were in the parlor. He was sitting at the piano, which stood open, at one end of the long room. Adelaide, Adelaide said, as her hand accidentally came in contact with those resting on the keys,

"How warm your hands are, Mr. Leonard." Then playfully, "Warm hands and a cold heart!"

"No, not so, Adelaide. I have not got my heart." Then more firmly, as he placed one arm around her, drawing her more closely to him, "It is all yours. The first time I came here I was led to respect you, and my respect has but grown and strengthened, until now it would be very hard to give you up. My darling, cannot you give me your heart in return for the strong, true love of mine?" There was a brief silence as the



girl turned away her face, and he continued, "What have you to say to me, Addie?"

"Yes, Howard," she answered timidly, raising her pale eyes to his, as she held forth her hand.

He took it tenderly, and stooping, kissed her brow. And thus they were betrothed. By both a trust was accepted in their heavenly Father's sight, of more than earthly value. They did not pause though, perhaps, to think of that. Like all young people, they gave themselves no time to ponder, but yielded unfeeling to the sweet joy of the moment, caring at heeding nothing but that they loved each other truly, not realising their vast responsibility as the maker each of the other's happiness.

They were married the next spring, married quietly in the little church at Onymont. It was a clear, bright day in early June, when flowers were filling the air with fragrance, and birds singing sweetest, that Mr. Hunt gave the case of his only one into the keeping of another. The bride looked very sweet in her pure white dress, flowers gleaming in her hair and on her bosom, while over all dropped the merry folds of the bridal veil. The clear eyes were raised to the minister's face as with a firm though low voice she answered the few brief words. The golden district with tender faith was placed on her slender finger, and they who were twin went forth one through all eternity. All this, dear reader, happened long ago, when the writer of these glowing from "memory's" book was young and gay.

Howard and Addie still live, and are travelling, let us hope, with feet that take not the path of life, so that when the end comes they may hear their Master say: "Well done."

## DENE HOLLOW.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF

"EAST LYNNE," &c.

[The advance sheets of this story have been purchased by Mrs. Wood for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

### PART THE SECOND.

#### CHAPTER XX.

WITH SIR DENE.

Advancing at a jog trot up Harebell Lane, came a horse carrying double: a constant yoman, Charles Parker, (who by-the-way was first cousin to the Parker connected with the stolen bag of money) on his back, and Miss Emma Geach on a pillion behind. In those days it was nearly as common to see a horse carry two people as one, sometimes it was made to carry three. Mr. Parker was returning home from the Wednesday's market at Worcester, whither he had conveyed his daughter in the morning and left her there on a visit; happening to overtake Miss Geach on the road when returning, he good-naturedly asked her to get up and ride. The party had nearly reached the Trailing Indian, when Mary Barber turned out of the inn and met it. Emma Geach's loud laugh was echoing on the air; a murmur of enough, truth to tell, and well known; otherwise Mary Barber might not have recognised her, for the night was rather dark. The woman made a motion for the horse to be stopped, and spoke.

"Hullo, why it's you, Miss Barber!" cried the yoman. "Good-evening to ye."

"Looking for your sweetheart, Sir Barber?" asked free-tongued Miss Emma.

"If ye'll be so good, girl, I'll tell ye what has happened; ye'll see then whether this be a time to be looking for sweethearts, even for them that's got 'em," was Mary Barber's answer.

There was a solemn tone in it that struck on the ears of both her listeners, and Miss Emma did not smile at the ground. Mary Barber told of the accident. To give Emma Geach her due, she was sobered on the instant, and much concerned for Black.

"I heard Haxted tell Black with my own ears that the gun wasn't charged," she said explosively. "What did the man mean by 'it'?"

"It's what Black said," replied Mary Barber.

"Is his hurt bad?" returned Emma. "Mr. Parker, I thank ye for giving me the lift to-night and saving me the trapes home a foot. The mischief is that there's Haxted!" she said, preparing to hasten into the inn.

But Mary Barber put out her hand to detain the girl, willing to soften the shock even to her, and whispered how worse than "bad" the hurt was.

"Taint for death, sure!" exclaimed Emma, her voice taking a sound of fear.

"Ay, but it is," was Mary Barber's answer. "No good beating about the bush any more, Emma Geach. Black's dead."

"About three minutes ago. Mr. Prior and a lot of 'em been there, men and women. I couldn't do no further good, and I come away."

Very much to Mary Barber's surprise, who had deemed her without feeling, the girl burst into a passionate flood of tears. All her days, Black had been to her but a cross-grained master, or whatever he might be called, and they had lived in perpetual warfare; but it seems she bore him some natural affection.

Leaving them to go into the house; for Charles Parker got off his horse to follow Mary Barber went on down the lane. A project was in her head—that she should proceed at once to Breckhurst Dene, and request an interview with its master. Surely things disclosed that night had surprised her not a little, and she felt it to be her "bounden duty" (as she put it to herself) to disclose them to Sir Dene.

"It's not too late for't," ran her thoughts; "it can't be much more than half an hour. Poor Black haven't been long a going. The Lord keep us all from a sudden death like his."

No; he had not been long. The wound had speedily done its work. Only about four hours—hardly so much in fact—from the commencement to the close. It was a strange coincidence, that Mary Barber should have been present when both Black and his wife were dying, and it haunted her mind.

"Two no chance took me out and there this evening," she murmured. "I wonder how long 'tis since I went out for nothing but a walk—without having some object to take me? Why, years, it must be. Any how, I can't remember it. That feeling of wanting to go abroad and get fresh air had never come to me afore. 'Twas just a good angel's hand guiding me."

Arrived at the gate of Breckhurst Dene, she stopped; hesitating whether to enter then or wait until morning. An impulse was strongly prompting her to go in, spite of the late hour of the night, and she, in spite of her working attire, the gown she wore was of lilac cotton, clean, but somewhat tumbled with her riding of Black; her bonnet was the usual black poke of a country woman, the cap border under it clear and full; her shawl was of fawn colored cloth much worn.

"Sir Dene 'll excuse it all," denied she, opening the smaller gate. "Gander 'll know whether I can ask to see him to-night or not."

At that moment foot-steps were heard in the lane, and she waited to see who might be following her. It was Harry Cole. Mary Barber leaned her arms upon the gate while they talked together of what had occurred.

"I never thought his hand was in Mr. Owen's death," remarked Cole. "Some of you fancied it at the time I remember, but I didn't; he carried it off untraced."

"He told me something of it before you and Prior came," observed Mary Barber. "Tut, money is a out of Sir Dene's pocket, 'twas Jarvis Clanswaring took it. Black says he was sure of it."

"So was I," ironically replied Cole. "You were! Nonsense, man!"

"Well, I did think 'twas him; I thought it was, for certain. That same night, just at the very time the money must have been taken, I saw Captain Clanswaring at Sir Dene's secretary. On 'twas the captain; no doubt of it."

"And why couldn't you have opened your mouth and said this, Harry Cole?" demanded Mary Barber shortly.

"Because—I was bid not to," was the sentence on Harry Cole's tongue.

But he substituted another for it. "Because it was no business of mine."

"No business of yours? 'Twould have cleared Tom Clanswaring."

"On, nonsense," said Cole. "Nobody really suspected Mr. Tom. Well, good-night, Miss Barber. This has been a bad evening's work."

Sir Dene Clanswaring had almost entirely recovered the seizure in December, and was himself again. It was thought that when the genial weather of summer set in he might be as well as ever he had been of late years. Meanwhile by Mr. Prior's orders all topics likely to excite him were avoided, by visitors as well as servants; so that Sir Dene was living in a good deal of ignorance as to the doings of his neighbors. Jarvis Clanswaring he knew all about. That gentleman was languishing away his days in prison (in a rather jolly manner probably after the fashion of the day) for by no manner of persuasion could Sir Dene be brought to release him. Lady Lydia sighed and prayed her heart out over it, but Sir Dene was wholly deaf; flatly refusing to help at all and calling him to Lady Lydia's face by any name but that of a gentleman. Sir Dene resented the direct proaches on the Arden. That a grandson of his, over head and ears in debt, should have palmed himself off as an honorable man and attempted to marry Mary Arden, brought a blush of shame to his old cheek. He knew all about the diamonds too, and had got them home again; having furnished the money to Otto for their redemption. Altogether Jarvis had done for him—pretty effectually, an Sir Dene assured Lady Lydia that the only place for him was the prison he was in. Which gave her the most intense aggravation.

"Can I say a word to Mr. Gander, please?" asked Mary Barber of the servant who came to the door.

Gander happened to hear the question himself, and came forward. He and Mary Barber were great friends.

"See Sir Dene? For, and welcome," said he in reply to her application. "Twill be a bit of change for him. Dull enough it is for the poor master, a sitting up there by himself hour after hour."

"Why don't my lady sit with him?" was Mary Barber's rejoinder. And Gander gave his head a toss.

"Sir Dene don't care to have too much of her company. She only goes worrying of him to loose the captain out of prison."

"I say I've had a rare shot to-night," said Mary Barber, as one and Gander ascended the staircase together. "Randy Black's dead."

"No," exclaimed the butler. "Why, what has he died of? 'Twas only yesterday I saw him."

"Ay," he answered. "His gun went off and killed him. I'm a wanting to tell Sir Dene something that he said in dying."

But that they had reached the baronet's door, Gander might have asked further details and what the something was; for he had his share of curiosity.

Sir Dene was pacing the carpet in his sitting-room, a favorite exercise of his always, and the only one he could take now. Mary Barber had not seen him for some months; and the change age and illness had made in him, perhaps trouble also, startled her. His once stately form was bent; he tottered as he walked, leaning heavily on his stick; his fine blue eyes were faded, his face was haggard and strangely gray. For a moment Mary Barber could not speak; she believed that it ever she saw death in a face, she saw it in his. Gander shut them in together.

"I made bold to come at this late hour and ask if I might see you, Sir Dene, having a matter to speak of to you," she respectfully said, curtseying. "Gander, he thought you'd please to see me, sir."

Even though it was but Mary Barber, Sir Dene in his never-failing courtesy laid his hand on a chair near the fire, as he might have laid it for a lady, and motioned to her to take it. His own large arm-chair stood opposed to; he sat down in it, and bent his head towards her, leaning both hands on his stick.

"I have heard to-night what has surprised me, Sir Dene; and I think you ought to hear it too," she began. "So I stepped without loss of time to see if I might get speech of you. And I hope, sir, that you'll be so good as pardon my coming before you in my old things; there was no time to go in home and change 'em."

The probability was that Sir Dene had not noticed whether she wore old things or new. His sight and senses were alike getting dim for three trifles of existence. Two wax candles burned on the mantle-piece, and the fire threw out its blaze on every portion of the small, comfortable sitting-room.

"It's don't matter," said Sir Dene. "The things look good to me."

In a low and cautious tone—for Gander had warned her not to startle his master—she imparted to Sir Dene the events of the night, Randy Black's accident and death; and then went on to the items of his confession.

"Poor Owen! murdered after all!" interposed Sir Dene. "But I always said that tale of his ghost appearing was the most ridiculous in the world. Fit only for children and simpletons."

"Well, sir, 'twas that drove my young master, Mr. William Owen, away," she returned. "That and nothing else."

"So I heard," said Sir Dene. "Squire Arden confessed it to me soon after his departure. Had I known 'twas that before the young man went, I'd have tried to rescue him out of his foolishness. Ghosts are all nonsense, you know, Squire Barber."

Remembering what she remembered—the ghost she most undoubtedly had seen; ay, and more than one, as she fully believed, during the experience of her past life, Mary Barber's opinion was wholly different. And she was not one to shrink from expressing her opinion, even to Sir Dene Clanswaring.

"That the spirits of the dead visit the world sometimes, there's little doubt on, Sir Dene; but it ain't given to everybody to see 'em. I have seen 'em and so can speak to't. I believe in dreams, too; that they come as warnings, and what not of this sort about to happen."

"Ay, that's another thing, dreams," readily acquiesced the old man. "I've had a queer dream or two myself."

The little interruption over, Mary Barber went on to the matter she had come to relate. That it was not Tom Clanswaring who had taken the bag of money, but Jarvis Clanswaring. Sir Dene who had been tracing the pattern of the carpet with his stick (also a habit of his) following it with his eyes as he listened, lifted his head suddenly.

"Jarvis Clanswaring did that?" he cried looking at her.

"Yes, sir. Black vowed 'twas him with his dying breath. Harry Cole, too, he confirmed it to me 'till the lane; for he saw the captain at your secretary's." And she repeated what both had said, word for word. It did not appear to surprise Sir Dene much.

"Look you, Miss Barber. That ill-doing grand-son of mine that I'm ashamed to own, and think it a money his father was not spared to be paid by his going on—was hard up for money about that time, and that's how 'twas, I expect. For the matter of that, I don't know when he was not hard up—as the world has since learnt. So he took the bag of money, did he? 'Tis a disgrace to the name of Clanswaring."

"But it's not me that would have intruded to speak of it to you, Sir Dene; I hope I know what respect means better than that."

"You are welcome," interrupted Sir Dene. "He has been the town's talk."

"Only that I thought it my duty, sir, to clear poor Mr. Tom," she continued. "That bag of money, sir, you know, was laid by some people to Mr. Tom's door."

"The people were fools," was Sir Dene's retort.

It took Mary Barber a look. She had reason to feel so fully persuaded that it must be the only matter lying against Tom Clanswaring that she presented his name; for she knew of nothing else that could be. This she said to Sir Dene.

"No, no," he answered. "My grandson, Tom, is a true Clanswaring; no fear of his thieving bags of money. Why, you ought to know him better than that, Miss Barber."

"And so I do, sir. When the accusation was brought against him my bile went up above a bit. I almost got a fit of the yellow jaundies, Sir Dene."

"It's that other affair up at the Trailing Indian that has been on my mind," said Sir Dene, acknowledging more to this woman than he had to others; but reticence sometimes forbids us at the last. "The girl has left Ireland and is back, I hear."

"Do you mean about Emma Geach, sir?" she asked.

"Of course I mean it," returned Sir Dene. "That's the girl's sweetheart was not Mr. Barber. 'Twas Captain Clanswaring."

"What is there to hear?" cried Sir Dene.

"Sir, it's Gospel truth. That was Captain Clanswaring. Mr. Tom knew naught about it any way. I don't suppose he have heard on to this day. Sir Dene, I thought Squire Arden might 'told you."

The two a looking at each other. She unable to believe that he did not know it, fancying his memory must be in fault; he wondering whether he was listening to a false.

Since the disclosure made by Miss Emma Geach, the truth of the affair had become public property, with the whispers of one and another, Susan Cole included, and had reached the servants' ears at Breckhurst Dene. But Mr. Prior's orders—Don't say anything of this or other exciting matter to Sir Dene until he shall be strong—were very strict; and even Gander had not ventured to disobey.

"Is it possible you have not heard that Mr. Tom was cleared of't, that, Sir Dene?" said Mary Barber, breaking the silence.

"I have heard nothing," replied Sir Dene. "What is there to hear?"

Letting her unglued hands, hard and worn with work, lie folded in her lap, as she sat bolt upright in her chair, Mary Barber recounted the facts to Sir Dene. She spoke in her usual deliberate manner; and before she was well half way through, he got up in trembling excitement, and stood facing her.

"That shining reptile could suffer the brunt of the scandal to lie on my grandson, Tom, all the while, knowing 'twas him?"

"He did, Sir Dene. Black confessed to 't as well this very night. Don't ye see, sir, if the truth had come out, 'twould have ruined Captain Clanswaring with Miss Arden?"

Sir Dene gave a very hard word to Captain Clanswaring, and paced the room in tribulation.

"Poor Mr. Tom have just been a scapegoat among 'em—what he was always called—and nothing else, sir. He have had to take their sins on himself in manhood as well as childhood, and work 'em off. And as to his being ungrateful to you, Sir Dene," she continued, determined to speak out well, now she had the chance, "I don't give credit to a shred on't. I'll lay my life, that he has writ to you times and again, if it could be proved, and the letters has never been let get to you. Mr. Tom 'ud desire nothing better than to come back, I know; and as to that letter you wrote to him a calling him home, and Gander posted, relying on 't, sir, that it never went nigh him."

Whether the woman's decisive assertions, or the strong good sense that came out in every word she spoke, made impression on Sir Dene, certain it was that a conviction of the truth took instant possession of his mind. The bitter wrong done out to Tom throughout his life by Lady Lydia and her family, seemed to rise up before him in a vivid picture. He saw now it had been, quite as surely as if he had read it in a mirror; it was as though scales had hitherto been before his eyes, and had suddenly dropped and left them clear. All the old love for Tom, which had but been suppressed, filled his whole being again. He opened his heart to Mary Barber as it had never been opened to living mortal.

"The only child of my dear son Geoffrey," he cried from his chair, the tears coursing down his cheeks. "And I have let him live away from me, in exile. Geoffrey left him to you; you know he did, Mary Barber; and this 'till I have kept the trust."

The tears gathered in her own eyes, hard and cold and gray, as she watched the old man's sorrow. In her homely fashion she tried to soothe it.

"The meeting with him will be all the sweeter now, Sir Dene. Don't fret. It was not your fault, sir, but theirs that have kept him from the place; you needn't lose no time in getting him home, sir."

"Fourteen months!" howled Sir Dene, apparently catching no comfort from her words. "I've waited 'em one by one; him over there, and me here alone. Seems to me, Miss Barber, that my life has been nothing but mistakes that it's too late to remedy."

"There's not a single life, Sir Dene, but what has them mistakes in it; plenty on 'em. Looking back, we see 'em; though we couldn't see 'em at the time or should have seen 'em. It's too late, as you say, sir; we all find it so; too late except for one thing—and that's 'till taking 'em to the Lord for pardon."

Sir Dene noted twice, and passed his silk handkerchief over his face. Mary Barber was about to rise and make her farewell courtesy when he resumed.

"The worst mistake o' my life was the cutting of that road, Miss Barber. Dene Hollow."

"Well, sir, if I differed from you that it was not, 'twould be just a empty compliment, and here as truth in it," was her straightforward reply. "Nobody can say the road have answered."

"Answered?" echoed Sir Dene, as if the word offended him. "Look at what it has done for people; and for me the worst of all. But for that accursed road, my granddaughter Margaret would not be in Harebell Lane yard."

"My poor mother said with her dying breath that she saw the shadow on it, you know, Sir Dene. She thought it was no other than her own."

"Ay, Old Mrs. Barber. I turned her out and broke her heart. Did she cure the road?"

"No, no, Sir Dene. Had she cured it the curse might never come. When we leave our wrongs and oppressions to Him—the wrongs that bring tears and blood as 'twere—trying ourselves to bear 'em patiently, as mother tried, it's Him that sends the curse, sir."

"Ay, ay," returned Sir Dene. "Ay." In a silence that seemed, Miss Barber rose. But again Sir Dene spoke; his eyes lifted up straight into hers.

"I've had her on my mind more than folks think for, Miss Barber. I've seemed to see her often. Sometimes she's in my dreams. If the time was to come over again I'd cut off this right hand rather than take her home from her."

"When things be much in our minds, we're apt to dream of 'em, Sir Dene."

"True. If the dead are permitted to know one another—rightly lifting his stick to indicate heaven—"I'll ask her pardon for what I did."

"On, Sir Dene! Don't fear but what 'twas all forgiven by her afore she died."

"Night and morning I ask God to pardon me for it, Miss Barber. It won't be long before I'm there now."

"Indeed, Sir Dene, I hope you'll be spared to us for awhile yet."

"Not for long," he reiterated. "I've been with Squire Arden lately—the old Squire, you understand—we were talked with one another as happy as children; and I know we are going to be together again. Three times 'tis in all: the third time was last night."

"Do you mean in a dream, sir?" she doubtfully questioned, after a short pause.

"Gander says so. I don't think it. Any way it will not be long before I am with him."

"And now I must wish you good-night, sir," she resumed, dropping her stiff courtesy. And I thank you for having been pleased to hear me, Sir Dene."

Sir Dene bowed his weight on his stick with the left hand, he held out the other.

"You will shake hands with me, Miss Barber? And you'll not forget to carry in your mind what I've said about your poor mother: how I have repented all I did with my whole heart, and how it has come home to me."

He shook her right hand, and held it for a minute in his; not speaking, but gazing at her steadily and wistfully. Mary Barber felt like a fish out of water.

"The Lord give you comfort, Sir Dene," she whispered. "I thank you for condescending to me. And I trust, sir—if you'll not take offence at my saying it—that we shall all meet together in heaven."

He bowed her hand and turned to the bell with a kind of sob. Gander, answering the peal, met Mary Barber on the stairs.

"I say, Gander, why in the world is it that nobody has been honest enough to clear up Mr. Tom to Sir Dene?" she sharply asked.

"Clear up Mr. Tom of what?" returned Gander.

"Why, about that Emma Geach."

"On—that Well, Mr. Prior stopped it. He said Sir Dene must get better first, and then he'd tell him self."

"Mr. Tom has not had much fair play among ye, as it seems to me. One good thing, Sir Dene knows it now."

"Will ye step in and take a sup of any thing?" asked Gander, hospitably throwing wide his pantry door, thereby displaying its good fire.

"He step in!—I've not time. They'll have sent all over the parish after me at home as 'tis, I expect, thinking I be lost. Good-night, Gander."

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### CHAPTER XXI.

#### THE ORDERING OF HEAVEN.

"Who let the woman in?" demanded Lady Clanswaring of Gander.

"I did, my lady," was the butler's answer given equably.

"And how dared you do it? How dared you allow her to go up to Sir Dene?"

"There was no reason that I knew of why she shouldn't go up. Miss Barber's respectable, my lady. Sir Dene's downright glad to be 'ers bar."

My lady never got much good from Gander. The more imperious she was with him, the more indifferent to it was he. Next to getting her beloved son out of the London prison, the great wish of her present days was to get Gander out of Breckhurst Dene. And yet



old grandfather feels the pain of having doubted him. He'll not lose an hour after he gets the letter, I hope; but travel night and day until he gets here.

"That is, you are sending for him home?"

"I am, my lady. Never again to leave it while I live."

She quitted the room, carrying her mortification with her; and Sir Dene resumed his letter. It made not much progress yet. The mind and the slow fingers alike grew weary; and he was fain to put it aside when it was half written. In the fulness of his repentance, Sir Dene was writing more than he needed, considering that he expected Tom would ere long be with him. Meanwhile Lady Lydia was having it out with Gander down stairs, as we have seen. Gander was clearly to blame for all, she reasoned; had he not given admittance to the woman, Mary Barker. Sir Dene would have continued to live on in happy ignorance. And within this last week or two, my lady had quite believed she was making some impression on Sir Dene on behalf of the incarcerated captain! She knew that she should never do it now.

"I hate Tom Clannawaring, and I wish he was dead!" he breathed to himself. "He has stood in my children's light from the first hour I brought them here, and found him a miserable unit, telling on Sir Dene's knee in his frills and velvets. Jarvis has been a fool, and played his cards badly; but that other's an upstart interloper, and he shall never come home here to stay if I can drive him out."

Mr. Prior came in to see Sir Dene. He fully confirmed (but it was not necessary) what Mary Barker had said; and then talked for a short while with Sir Dene about Black. An inquest was called and would be held on the morrow. Sir Dene relieved his mind by a little self-reproach in regard to Tom; and Mr. Prior's answer was, that he had always wondered how anybody could suspect ill of Tom Clannawaring.

"I wish I had known it all when Arde was here yesterday afternoon!" exclaimed Sir Dene. "I'd have given him a bit of my mind. If other folks keep things from me, he ought not. Tom's his nephew, in a sort."

"The Arde is all off this morning on their visit," observed the surgeon. "I saw the carriage go by."

"Ay. Off to Strathgore for a week or so."

Mr. Arde, with his wife and daughter, generally paid a visit once a year to some relatives of Mrs. Arde's in the adjoining county. That they should happen to have gone now, Sir Dene was to-day making a grievance of, as it obliged him to keep that "bit of his mind" intended for the Squire unspoken for a season. He little thought that he would never speak it.

"What about the Trailing Indian?" suddenly questioned Sir Dene. "Is it shut up?"

"Oh dear no, it's not shut up," said Mr. Prior.

"Who's keeping it open?"

"Emma Geach. She has got Sam Found and his mother up there for company. I'll look in to-morrow, Sir Dene, when the inquest's over, and tell you about it," added the surgeon, rising to depart.

"The chief witnesses will be myself and Mary Barker."

Sir Dene got to his letter on the following day. While he was at it, Mr. Prior came in to tell him the result of the inquest held at the Trailing Indian—Accidental Death, with a verdict of two pounds on the gun. Had it been anybody's gun but Black's own, the jury would have put on five pounds. Talking with the doctor he grew fatigued; and resumed his letter late in the afternoon. As Sir Dene was folding it, the same difficulty occurred to him that had occurred once before; he did not know Tom's address.

"I'll recollect it," Gander said, asked, lifting his spectacles to the old serving man, who was hovering by the table, ready to much interested in the letter and in Tom's recall as his master. "If not, you must go to my lady again."

"It's down stairs in my pantry, Sir Dene. When Mr. Otto was here at Christmas, I got him to write it down in my cellar book."

Sir Dene wrote Tom's name on the letter; and then took off his spectacles to ease his face while he waited. Gander came back with his cellar book.

"The letter can't go to-day, Sir Dene. It's too late."

"Too late, is it. I'll leave the direction and the sealing till to-morrow then. I'm tired, Gander. Here; put it in, and lock up the desk."

Gander locked the letter inside the desk, and gave the key to his master. After that, Sir Dene had his dinner, and was more silent in the evening than usual.

"As sure as Fate, she's dead at last!" The exclamation was Gander's. Saturday morning was well advanced, and the postman had just left a letter for Sir Dene, bearing a Scottish postmark. It was in a strange handwriting, and had an enormous black seal. Gander was drawing his own conclusions as he carried it up—that Mrs. Clannawaring, the heir's mother, was dead. He generally called her by the old name. She had continued weak and poorly since her illness at Christmas, but no danger had been recently apprehended. Gander had liked her always, and was full of sorrow accordingly. His master feeling very weak that day, was remaining in bed.

"I'm afraid here's bad news come, Sir Dene," said Gander, going into the chamber. "And I'd have ye be prepared for't, sir, afore the letter's opened. It is—"

"Not from Tom!—anything amiss with Tom?" tremblingly interrupted Sir Dene, catching sight of the great black seal.

"Tant from Ireland at all, sir, but from Scotland. I'm fearing it's the poor dear lady gone at last, sir! Mrs. Clannawaring."

"It's not Dene's writing!" cried Sir Dene, rather in surprise, as he put on his spectacles.

"No, sir—nor Mr. Charley's either. They'd be too much cut up to write, not a doubt o' it. Both of 'em were fond o' their mother."

Sir Dene, breaking the seal, fixed his eyes on the few lines the letter contained. It seemed that he could not read them. A look of horror stole slowly over his face, and he fell back on the pillow, motioning to Gander to take the letter, saying to him faintly:

"It can't be! it can't be," he faintly said. "Look! Look!"

In surprise and some dread, Gander clasped on his own spectacles to read the lines. And when the reading was accomplished he was not much less overcome than his master.

Oh, it was not such a bad news, as Mrs. Clannawaring; it was not she who had died; but her two brave sons, Dene and Charles. They had been drowned in one of the Scottish lakes. A pleasure party of ten young men had set sail in the brightness of the early

spring morning, an accident happened, and but two of them lived to land again. Dene and Charles Clannawaring were among the drowned.

Before Gander could at all recover his senses or believe he read aright, all his attention had to be given to his master. Sir Dene was exhibiting symptoms of another fit of paralysis.

"Good mercy avert it!" ejaculated Gander, ringing the bell for help, "and who on earth's come now? That's a travelling chaise rattling up the gravel!"

Clattering to the door of Beechhurst Dene was a rickety post chaise and pair. It contained Otto Clannawaring, who had travelled down to Worcester by the mail from London. Otto had received the account of his cousin's melancholy fate earlier than Sir Dene. Poor Mrs. Clannawaring—we may as well call her by that name to the end—had been mindful of the old man even in the midst of her sorrow, and asked Otto to go down and break it to him in advance of the direct news. The barister was not quite in time, as we have seen. Learning out of the chaise, Otto encountered the seared face of Gander.

"What has brought you here, Mr. Otto?"

"Bad news, Gander; grievous news," was the answer. "I have come to break it to my grandfather."

"Ye're too late then, sir. We had it in a letter, and I'm afeared Sir Dene's a going to get another stroke. This chaise had better go a galloping off for Prior."

"Prior!" returned Otto. "Prior is coming up now; I passed him as he was turning in at the lodge gates."

"Thank goodness for that! It's a great mercy," was the old butler's answer as he turned to run upstairs again.

Too late, too true, Dene Clannawaring, the heir apparent to the title and the estate of Beechhurst Dene, and his brother Charles, his presumptive heir, were no more. They had met their death by drowning. Fail of health, and spirits, and hopes, and life, their career in this world had been suddenly cut short in its promise, and they were called to meet their Maker. But one short week later, had they been spared, they would have come on a long visit to Beechhurst Dene.

Lady Lydia was as one stunned. She had been waiting out her heart with futile prayers and wishes for the release of her son; but never were the wishes so feverishly earnest as now. Oh, if her best beloved one, Jarvis, could be but there—if he were but at hand to take up the last heir's place with his grandfather.

"Send for him, send for him!" moaned Sir Dene faintly—and they were the first words he spoke—Lady Lydia, Otto, the surgeon, and Gander stood around his bed.

The threatening stroke kept itself off still; but not, as Mr. Prior thought, for long; and Sir Dene seemed weak almost unto death.

"I cannot send for him," bewailed Lady Lydia, in her bewildered state of mind taking the words to be an answer to her thoughts and dropping hot tears. "That is, it's of no use my sending, for he could not come. Oh, Sir Dene, don't you remember. He is in a debtor's prison—as I have been telling you every day for weeks."

Sir Dene looked at her with questioning eyes amid the surrounding silence.

"Nae he; not Jarvey," he said when understanding dawned on him. "I don't want him; you know it, my lady. I want my own boy, Tom. My heir."

"Tom!" shrieked Lady Lydia. "Tom, the heir! Tom!"

"Of course he is the heir, mother," put in Otto. "What are you thinking of?"

It was a positive fact, that the obvious and to her most unwelcome truth, had never crossed her brain. She refused to see it now that it was pointed out; and stared around with frightened eyes.

"Of course it is," said Otto, answering what the eyes seemed to question. "Tom must come here without delay; I wrote to him before I left London."

"He never shall come; he never shall be the heir," hissed my lady in a storm of passion. "A low-lived, mischief-making, working scoundrel! He the heir? Never. I will not recognize him as such. I will not allow him to be received at Beechhurst Dene."

Perhaps the barister was not the only one in the room who wondered whether excitement was temporarily turning Lady Lydia's brain. He caught her hand, and drew her beyond the hearing of the invalid.

"Play exercise your common sense, mother," he quietly said. "Tom Clannawaring is the heir in the sight of man and the country; as much the heir as was the poor fellow who is gone. A few days—I see it in his face," he whispered, indicating Sir Dene—"may more probably a few hours, and Tom will not only be the heir but the master of Beechhurst Dene."

Gander deemed it well to put a spoke in the wheel. "There want no power that could keep Mr. Tom out o' my lady. He comes in by the rightful law o' succession. The king and all his nobles couldn't do it."

Lady Lydia sank down on a chair with a low cry; it had despair in its depths. Tom Clannawaring the master! Was this to be the ending? Had she schemed and planned and toiled in her underhand way all these long years only for this? Even so. For once right had been stronger than might and had come out triumphant.

But Sir Dene was speaking from the bed. "It's a most as it should be," he said; and they had to bend down to catch his accents. "In the old days I'd use to wish my dear son Geoffry was heir, 'stead o' John; just as later I'd catch myself wishing 'twas Geoffry's son, 'stead o' Dene. For a never loved any of 'em as I've loved Tom. Dene was good and dutiful to me, and I loved him next best; but Tom I had here as a baby, you see, and he grew up in my heart. It has pleased the Lord to take Dene and Charley on before me to the better Land—and I hope in His mercy we shall soon meet there, and dwell together forever! Tom, he has got to fulfill Dene's duties here; and he'll do it well. It's not the ordering of man but of Heaven."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Few Western towns seem to think they have all the modern improvements just now unless they have a "ghost" and several "wild faces" on window-panes. Crawfordville, Ind., on its part, reports a ghost that not only makes strange noises, but in a single midnight hour lays more bricks than a first-class mason could lay in a week. That's the right sort of ghost to have round.

It is a sad fact that the ancestors of a great many men, who boast of their courage of arms, had no coats to either their arms or their backs.

New York clergymen are reaping a rich harvest in marriage fees, there now being more than a hundred weddings a week, in that city.

## AFTER SEVEN YEARS.

It was a Sunday afternoon in August, and the sunbeams fell brightly among the golden cornfields, and lent fresh beauty to the hop gardens of a little English village.

A wayward, dusty traveller, coated wearily on a rustic stile, was the only figure that seemed not to harmonize with the peaceful landscape and its surroundings. He was young, not thirty probably, of a fine person, and eminently handsome. More than that, his beauty was as much that of refinement and intellect as of mere physical gifts. He was a man from foreign parts evidently.

His dress was not such as the peasants who passed were in the habit of wearing; his manner and bearing, even in repose, were different; there was something remarkable in the sad, longing, wistful gaze which he fixed intently on the square church tower just visible through the tall elm trees.

Presently, heaving a deep sigh, and greedily inhaling the perfumed breeze, as if he would drink in the whole of the lovely landscape at one mighty draught, he slowly descended from his rustic resting-place, and with sauntering and irresolute step, proceeded in the direction of the village church, still keeping by the margin of the river.

"Seven years—and what years?—seven years ago I stood not far from where I now stand, and registered a vow. That vow I have kept; and now I revisit this well-known spot, so unchanged as if I might have left it only yesterday; but I—I am I changed? Others, too? Seven years is a long time. What I object I scarcely know; but—gracious Heaven!—what form is this? Down, beating heart, it cannot be! The grave has long since closed over that fair pattern of unrivalled loveliness!"

And still the object of his surprise—a beautiful maiden, moving "in meditation fancy free"—approached nearer and nearer, and still his surprise grew stronger. It was not so much a path they both trod as a sinuous passage, which the feet of the passer-by had worn to a color slightly fainter than the rich verdure of the surrounding meadows, a winding thread of grayish green. She was within a few paces, and unconscious of any presence, apparently, save her own. At length she raised her eyes; they met his own burning, questioning, startled gaze. A momentary, wondrous, expression overspread her features. And then, with the impassive aspect of entire unrecognition, she pursued the even tenor of her way, for all his fixed and stony attitude and gaze of increased wonderment, until the hedgerows had hidden her form.

Not more motionless the pillar of salt than the stony attitude of that man, who, with a similar retroverted gaze, stood rooted to the ground in the very centre of the broad meadow by the Severn's bank on that fair Sabbath eve. But across the pliant muscles and changing lineaments of his face the varying passions chased each other as rapidly as the alternate clouds and sunshine of an April day. Doubt, certainty, surprise, love, hope, hatred—no, not that, but a dark and angry glaze, begotten of a supposed contemptuous slight—the warmth of the sunshine, the baleful flash of lightning—all were there indexed on the tell-tale mirror of his inmost soul, according as the conviction flashed upon him that she for whose love he had become "a banished man," whom he had long thought dead, still lived, and recognizing, had scorned him; or, with the rapid inconsistency of passion, persuaded himself that he was in all these respects deceived.

"Could it be possible?" he muttered, with suppressed passion; "could it only be that? No! I am not reserved for that—for her scorn!"

At this very moment it was that there was wafted across the evening breeze a sound which smote from his heart in one moment all of wrath, all of hatred, and changed the man's nature, rendering him "meek and gentle as a little child."

During all those long and weary years of banishment—beneath the tropics, on the sandy deserts, lost in primeval forests—had memory recalled and fancy echoed that never-forgotten sound: the music of evening bells, the silvery Sabbath bells of the village where his childhood had passed away, where youth and early manhood had peacefully glided by.

He flung himself on the greenward, and in an agony of tenderness and remorse abandoned himself to feelings which, pent up and suppressed for years, now for the first time found vent in tears. Prostrate and motionless, there on the spot his infant steps had often pressed he lay till the holy sounds were hushed. He then arose, and in humble mood calmly took his way to the churchyard. With unflinching steps, he proceeded straight to where, apart from the rest, a "mouldering turf," unadorned by tomb or headstone, heaved its unnoticed head. He knew it well. It had been the last object of his solicitude when, years ago, he had visited it by moonlight. He had good reason to know it, for he who slept beneath had been, in the early days, when friendship is no mere name, dear to him as life—dear by the reason of his own bright nature, dear as the only and beloved brother of his betrothed, dearer still by reason of the mighty sacrifice and sufferings he had undergone on his behalf. The setting rays of the sun rested upon the turf, warm as the loving glances of woman. Flowers grew around the grave—flowers not faded as those which betoken forgetfulness, but fresh, well-tended, and of a rarer kind. Not forgotten was he who lay beneath—evidently not forgotten. This gave him a mournful pleasure. On looking around, after many minutes of silent meditation, he was surprised to perceive that, at a few feet distance, was a tiny grave, resembling in all respects that of his friend—the turf equally smooth, the flowers equal in their freshness and rarity.

"It is true, then," he softly murmured, "and my disordered imagination has deceived me. Who but a beloved sister could venture, in death, to sleep so near the ill-starred youth she loved so well in life? But I will know before leaving forever the scenes of my infancy, thrice-banished now by memories more sacred than ever. It is but right; I will leave nothing to uncertainty. There is one man, and one alone, who can relieve my doubts. I will seek him at once."

And retracing his steps, he made his way, by a sequestered path, until he came to a small inn called the Quay—the only one which then existed in that quiet neighborhood.

Lifting the latch, he found himself in a room which was at once the kitchen and the public room of the little hostelry. He asked the good woman for a glass of cider, and, taking a seat where he might, without being

himself observed, notice those who entered, prepared to await with what patience he might the person he was in search of. Nor had he long to wait.

A young man of about his own age presently entered, and having exchanged a few words with the hostess, was in the act of quitting the place, when his eye fell upon the solitary stranger.

A sudden start, a look of intelligence, and a token of emotion, expressed by the raising of his finger to his lips, proved clearly that this man, at least, had not forgotten him. He thought it still best, however, to wait and watch the result.

In a few minutes, one by one the guests took their departure. It was not till they had all gone that the woman, with a meaning glance, asked him if he would not prefer finishing his cider in the fresh air.

"There is no one there, Mr. Arthur," she whispered. "You know the old arbor; and Reuben is waiting till all is quiet."

These words, whispered in a low tone as she approached under the pretence of removing his glass, entirely removed all doubt from his mind, as to the fact of these two early acquaintances having recognized him. Thanking her with a grateful smile and a nod of the head, he at once stepped forth into the cool evening air.

"I know you at once, Mr. Arthur. I saw you in the churchyard, too, but I wasn't quite sure then. Besides, I wondered if you would have risked it."

"You think, then, my good Reuben, that I ought not to have returned? And yet you know, if no other living person does, that there is no reason why I should not return to this neighborhood."

"No other living man, Mr. Arthur? For heaven's sake, what do you mean? You haven't—"

"Of what do you suspect me?"

"Oh, nothing. Only, before he went away, Mr. Hewitt, he told me—and the tears were in his eyes when he said it—that he could stand it no longer, and that he would hunt the wide world over till he found you, and you—pardon me, sir—you were always so passionate and hasty."

"I see. You think, then, your old friend and master may in other lands have revenged himself on his friend. No! Miss Hewitt kept his word. He did for years try to discover my whereabouts. At last he succeeded; we met. I was with him till his death."

"He is dead, then? I think I see it now. You are free to speak. Oh, say that it is so—not only for your own sake. There is one who loves you well, Mr. Arthur, in spite of all that has passed; and more than that, in spite of all she believes has passed."

"In heaven's name, tell me what you mean! Is not Grace Lascelles dead? I heard of her death abroad; nay, did I not stand by her grave this very evening? Speak truly, and speak quickly—speak to me rather as your old schoolfellow than as your former master."

"Miss Lascelles is dead, but not Miss Grace—it was her cousin. You remember her, surely, Mr. Arthur? She and poor Mr. Herbert were not only cousins but lovers. But after that terrible affair she never smiled again, but died within a year—no, it was on the very day of the month a year after."

"Poor girl! poor Blanche! she was almost as beautiful as her cousin. But tell me more! I met—I cannot now be mistaken—I met—"

"Yes, in the meadow yonder, not three hours since."

"Like enough; poor young lady! She is as good as she is beautiful. Doubtless she was walking to Ripple to teach the young ladies in their psalmody. She lives there now with her uncle. But Mr. Arthur, you will excuse me—I am but a poor man, but one you were always kind to, and to my poor old mother who is now gone—it seems to me there is only one thing you ought to do."

"And that is?"

"Clear yourself. Go to Miss Grace and tell her all; it is only fair to her, poor young lady! She has suffered much, sir. For a long time it was thought she would die, and folks did look to see her laid side by side with the other two."

After a considerable pause, Arthur Lytton—for that was the wanderer's name—said: "Leave me now, Reuben. It is necessary that I should think. I do not stop to thank you now; my mind is utterly bewildered, and I want a little time to think. Leave word for me, or find me at the Star Inn in Upton, and I will tell you my plans; there may be better days in store for us. Your hand, old schoolfellow!"

And with a sad smile he extended his own hand to the honest grasp of his companion. Scarcely knowing whither, he continued to saunter broodingly along the bank of the river, down through the fields and along the hedgerows of Severn End. His heart beat fast, he felt that a crisis in his life—a crisis only less than that which had driven him into exile—was at hand.

The summer moon was high in the cloudless heavens, shining with that pure and tranquil light which has so often rebuked and calmed the passions of man.

At length he found himself again approaching the churchyard, where lay the bosom friend of his youth, supposed to have fallen by his hand in a moment of ungovernable passion. He neared the grave once more. Where the warm rays of the departing sun had rested, now fell the silvery beams of the full moon, so clear, so bright, that not a flower that decked the graves, scarcely a fibre of the mossy turf, but was distinctly traceable.

But it was not only "the turf that wraps the silent dead" which sparkled in the moonbeams on that fair summer's eve. Robed in spotless white, the delicate contour of her form standing out in the clear light in faint but exquisite relief, with a face upturned as if in communion with the spirits of the just, he saw perfect, heedless of the dew of heaven, between the grave of her murdered brother and his too faithful love, sat Grace Lascelles.

He stood motionless for awhile, struck dumb with surprise, with admiration, and with a love too mighty for words. At length, approaching so near to her that his foot-print brushed the turf within a yard of her robe, in a voice almost inarticulate through the emotions by which he was overpowered, Arthur Lytton breathed the name of his beloved.

She neither started nor affected surprise, but with a quiet and dignified mien slowly rose, and without one word stood face to face with the man who had been the lover of her youth, whom—though she would never suffer herself to own, or even believe in the traitorous passion—she still loved, and had loved ceaselessly, even though she viewed him as the slayer of her own brother, and the cause of death to the only companion,

cousin, and friend of her own sex she had ever known.

And again, with a voice gaining strength from the memory of his wrongs, and the consciousness of his injuries, innocence, Arthur Lytton uttered the name of his beloved—

"Grace!"

"What man is that?" she replied, with a voice quivering through contending emotions. "What man is that who, standing at his very victim's grave, dares to deprecate the spot sacred to their dust by the pretence of penitence? And who is he that dares address Grace Lascelles as if he were to her more than the outer world or less than an object of scorn?"

But as she looked her lover full in the face, there was that which caused her heart to beat with feelings which were certainly not those of scorn, and prepared her to listen.

"Grace Lascelles, answer me as a true woman. In the days you knew me, did you ever know me pledge my word to what was false?"

"I will do you justice: you never lied."

"I stood by this grave seven years ago this very night. The moon shone as fairly on this new-piled turf as it shined at this very moment. My heart was breaking; but not even the unjust brand of homicide, and the loss of your love could tempt me to break my pledged word to one who was as dearly knit to both of us as we were to one another. Would you know now, here by your dead brother's grave, with my foot upon his turf, and my heart and conscience bared to heaven—would you learn what vow it was I made?"

"Speak!"

"That I would never while he lived, or without his express sanction, divulge that it was by Miss Hewitt's hand your brother Herbert fell."

Not one word more was said. With a faint cry like that of a wounded hare, and as suddenly as though a shaft had pierced her heart, the fair girl dropped, fainted, and would have fallen to the earth but for the protecting arm her lover cast around her.

Pure in word and deed herself, she did not for one moment doubt the absolute and righteous truth of what she had heard. And with that conviction came in a moment rushing to her brain and heart the consciousness of her own injustice, of his long, long agony, of his noble nature, and all that had resulted from a generous friendship and truthfulness. It was too much, the revulsion of feeling from misery and despair—for she then only knew, in that supreme moment, how true her own heart had been—were too powerful, too realistic, and she fell lifeless into the arms which, in all those years of self-denial, had yearned thus to embrace her.

By slow degrees consciousness returned, and the warm blood again coursed through its virgin channels. They were not alone; it was, perhaps, well they were not; much unutterable pain was spared them by the presence of a third person—one whom they both knew to be a firm though humble friend. And it was in the presence of Reuben Clark—who himself witnessed the fatal blow, dealt in a moment of anger, and who had been bound by the same vow (most reluctantly bound)—that Grace Lascelles listened to the recital of all that passed on that ill-omened day, and of many things which had passed since.

It was but the year before that, in the forests of the Far West, Arthur Lytton had, by one of those wonderful meetings which man will insist on ascribing to chance, rescued the former friend of his youth from the death which hunters brave; but not in time to save him from a lingering death.

It was during the interval between his fatal wound and the final hour when his forgiving friend closed his eyes that Hewitt, with sincere expressions of penitence, had drawn up, in the shape of a letter addressed to Grace, the full account of that catastrophe which had destroyed two lives, and wrecked the happiness of those who survived.

In the spring, Arthur Lytton bore his bride away. By the death of her uncle she inherited a fair estate, and as it was bequeathed in the earnest hope, rather than by an express command, that they should reside at the ancestral seat of the family, it was not in nature so ingenious as theirs to find compliance with the last wishes of a kind and generous man. They therefore moved northward, and the village of their infancy knew them no more. They resolved never to erect to their hapless relatives either tablet or tomb, but for many years a pilgrimage was paid by both to the quaint little graveyard, and later might be seen fair young children, who decked with choicest flowers the simple graves of those at the recital of whose sad history their young eyes had shed their earliest tears of intelligence and grief.

J. M. S.

A new and mysterious enemy of sheep, more fatal even than the murderous dogs, has made its appearance and dreadfully ravaged the flocks of Manitowoc, in Wisconsin. The animals being found dead, no marks of violence are to be observed, save a small hole behind the ear, from which the blood has been sucked. This has led to the conclusion that the destroyer is a kind of bat, or more properly speaking, vampire—a creature which even men may fear, since it may not have an exclusive taste for the vital fluid of the mutton. This, with the curculio and potato-bug, renders our present assortment of noxious vermin very complete.

Mr. Ruskin has just announced his determination to invest £1,000 for the purchase of land which is to be converted into a sort of agricultural paradise, where "unlimited manual labor is to be put upon it until we have every foot of it under as strict care as a flower garden." The laborers who work upon it, and for whose use it is given, are to be well paid, and their children well educated. "The youth of both sexes being disciplined daily in the strictest practice of vocal music."

Picnic parties are becoming epidemic in Roundout, New York. All young unmarried ladies are crazy for them. It happened in this way: A few days ago there was a quiet little affair of the kind, in which six couples participated. After the lunch had been disposed of, they strolled off in different directions, as inclination or accident led them. After a ramble of an hour or so, they gathered together again and returned home. Subsequently, in the mutual confidences exchanged among the young ladies, it leaked out that in that brief hour six engagements to marry had been made, and the whole party thus disposed of.

Woman's Rites.—Putting on her chignon, arranging her curls, buttoning her garters, and adjusting her Grecian band and things.



# CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP

THE PROFESSOR'S STORY.

"You see that skeleton, in the case against the wall, with a pistol in his hand?" said the Professor; "well, there's a story connected with it of a somewhat thrilling character."

I drew up my chair nearer to the genial old German doctor. His words interested me. We had been acquainted but a short time, but I rather liked his quaint, old-fashioned ways, and had visited him several times.

"Go on, doctor," said I, "let's hear it."

"Well, my dear sir," he continued, "you will doubtless have remarked it as a singular law of nature that whenever a man lives all by himself, in a particularly old and shabby-looking house, he invariably acquires the reputation of being immensely rich. Perhaps my paying so high for fossils and skeletons gave some color to the myth in my case; but at any rate I was soon known in Heidelberg as 'the rich Professor Waldenbarr,' and my friends began to warn me that if I did not take care I might some day chance to get robbed."

"Now, at that time I had but one servant, who had been with me many years, and was beginning to get old and feeble. Every one said that he was not enough to take care of the house by himself, and that I'd better have a younger man to help him; but I didn't like to see poor old Johann being sent to think him past work, so I just let things go on as they were. He was a capital servant, and did his work as well as man could do; but he had one failing. Every now and then, when the chance offered, he would—a significant gesture of the professor's hand, as if lifting a glass to his lips, completed the sentence.

"H'm! rather a bad fault in a man upon whom the safety of the house depended," observed I.

"So I thought," answered the professor; "and more than once I doubted whether it might not be as well to take my friend's advice after all, and engage a second servant. But I kept putting it off, and putting it off, till at last I got punished for my hesitation, as you shall hear."

"One night I had sent Johann out to do some marketing, and was expecting him back every minute. As a rule, whenever he went abroad he took the house-key (of which I had a duplicate) along with him; so that nobody could get in till he came back, unless I chose to let them. He was very punctual on the whole; but this time, ten—fifteen—twenty minutes passed, and there was no sign of him. I began to fear that he might have taken a glass too much, as he sometimes did, and was just thinking of going to look after him, when, all at once, I heard, far down below, a noise as if the house-door had been suddenly opened and shut again, and then a step coming up the stairs right toward my door. I have a quick ear of my own, and it struck me directly that the tread was firmer and heavier than old Johann's. I guessed at once that there had been foul play somewhere, and for a moment I thought of looking my door and calling for help through the window; but, on second thoughts, I decided that it would be better to let the intruder (whoever he might be) come right up to me, and to see what he really wanted."

I looked at the professor with involuntary admiration. To hear this little, delicate, benevolent-looking old gentleman talking so coolly of deliberately allowing a robber (perhaps more than one) to march right into his room at night, without stirring a step to give the alarm, simply because he "thought it better to see what he wanted," had a really heroic flavor about it; and I bent eagerly forward to hear the sequel of the adventure.

"The door opened," pursued my friend, "and in came a tall, burly fellow, with a black mask on his face and a pistol in his hand. The moment he was in, he looked the door behind him, put the key in his pocket, and came forward to the table where I was sitting."

"Now, my old 'un," said he, with a chuckle, "we've got the house all to ourselves. Your servant is lying fast asleep under the club-room table at the Thirty-Fox. Drugged beer's a fine thing to make a man sleep sound, and he won't wake much before to-morrow morning. In the mean time, out with your money, or you're a dead man."

"He cocked his pistol as he spoke, and leveled it at my forehead."

"You will think that I must have been frightened; but, strange as it may seem, I was not. Had I met this man in the street, or out in the open country, he would have been on his own ground; but here, within the walls of my laboratory, he was on mine. He came to me in the guise of a new experiment, and I felt him in my power. Before he had time to speak, I had tried him in my own mind, condemned him, and sentenced him to death."

"Soft and pleasant as the old man's voice was, there was a hard metallic ring in it just then, and an ominous compression of the small delicate mouth, which showed me, for the first time, what this quiet good-humored scholar might be capable of doing. After a pause, he resumed:—

"Well, I can't resist you," said I to the robber, assuming a look of terror such as I had not worn since I went up for my first examination as a candidate at Jena. "I'll give you all I have, and when you have taken it, I hope you'll be satisfied and do me no further injury."

"Oh, I'll be satisfied when I touch the money, never fear, old boy," answered he with a laugh. "Come, out with it, quick."

"It's in that bureau yonder," replied I, throwing a key on the table; "help yourself."

"I need not tell you that in the whole bureau there was not a single penny; but he went towards it to unlock it, when I said 'I wanted.'"

"Ah, you wanted to get a chance of sticking him from behind, I suppose?" said I, secretly marveling at the strategic ability of this pacific man of letters.

"My dear sir," returned the professor, "with an air of grand contempt, 'science does not fight with such coarse material means as those. I have told you that I regarded this man in the light of an experiment, and I acted accordingly. If you wish to know what was my real object in sending him to the bureau, step forward and press your heel upon that little knob in the floor."

I obeyed, and was not a little startled when a good square yard of the flooring immediately in front of the bureau gave way with a loud whirling noise, disclosing a black chasm of unknown depth, from which arose the hoarse gurgle of running water.

"Why, you don't mean to say—" faltered

I, glancing from the ghastly abyss below to the benevolent face of the servant, which looked milder and more benevolent than ever.

"Precisely so," answered the professor with a genial smile, and rubbing his little fat hands gleefully. "That's the Necker which you hear grumbling down yonder; but there was a good yard of dry pavement beside it for him to fall upon, and it sufficed. Unhappily, the fall necessarily occasioned certain injuries to his anatomical structure, which, however, my humble knowledge of surgery has, as you see, enabled me to repair." (And he pointed to the pistol-bearing skeleton with a complacent air.) "Why do you look so shocked, my friend? It was a fair trial of skill against strength. He, the man of brute force, attempted to entrap me in his own trap. Fill your glass, my friend," cried the professor enthusiastically; "fill your glass, and let us drink to the great scientific movement which has made Europe the first quarter of the world, and Germany the first country in Europe!"

I filled my glass, though I did not drink but made some excuse, and gladly left the house.

## FAR AND NEAR.

Old loafers—Female bakers.

White robins are now being captured in various parts of the country.

A proud Detroit boy wouldn't take two cents' reward for finding a pocket-book.

An economical Minnesotan remains unmarried because he could not get a license for "four shillings."

Savannah makes 1,000,000 cigars annually.

Baratoga girls organized an Anti-Kissing Society—but 15 out of the 25 members were fined the first week.

An old lady, writing to her son out West, warns him to beware of bilious saloons and bowl alleys.

The phrase "put a head on him" is said to owe its origin to Shakespeare, who, in Titus Andronicus, calls upon the people to "help to put a head on headless Rome."

A man in Wisconsin planted a box of pills mistaking them for melon seeds.

A Michigan doctor, who was arrested because his patient died, has been acquitted on the ground that he did the best he could, giving all the medicines he knew the names of.

A Detroit saloon has a cartoon representing G. Washington in the act of drinking a glass of lager.

The meanest railroad in the country is thus described: "It ballasts its bed with sand, it starts with a jerk and stops with a jerk, and hires the smallest conductors it can find to carry its freight."

The speed of the great horse Dexter has been beaten by Goldsmith Maid. This took place at Milwaukee on Wednesday last in a trotting-match with the mare Lucy. She made the three heats in 2:34, 2:17, and 2:30. The course was afterward measured, and found to be sixty-nine feet over a mile. Dexter will of course try again.

A man of talent is lost if he does not join to talent energy of character. With the lantern of Diogenes you should also have his stick.

Very recently, Martha Walker, a young Englishwoman, climbed the famous Matterhorn, over 14,700 feet high, in company with her father, aged 65. The Matterhorn is one of the most difficult of all the Alpine peaks to ascend—and has rarely been attempted by a woman. The lady is well named, having climbed Monts Blanc, Ross, and other peaks with little fatigue.

A gentleman recently made the journey between San Francisco and Liverpool in only seventeen days!

It is stated that the monotony of army life at our Western posts drives many men to desertion, and numbers of them join the Indians. Sixty went off from Fort Hays in one lot recently, and only eight have been recaptured. Every Indian tribe, it is said, has some of these deserters domiciled—and they are, strange to say, foremost in the savage cruelties committed in the raids of their predatory bands.

A lady of Mobile, is said to be confined to her bed from the effects of poison, manifesting itself in sores about the mouth, caused by biting her thread while working with green sewing-silk, which probably contained arsenic.

Regarding parentage, Bacon makes the curious statement that "those that resemble the mother most, are longest lived."

Salpina don't see how it is that nobody attaches any blame to the locomotive for the recent railroad accident. He says if the locomotive had not been there the accident would not have happened.

Be sure they sleep not whom God needs. No fear.

Their holding light His charge, when every hour That bade that charge delayed is a new death—Robert Browning.

New York ladies, according to one of the fashion magazines, carry pearl powder with them on the promenade, and when their faces become red by the heat, "they pause ostentatiously to peep into an interesting shop window, and utilizing the plate of glass and using it for a mirror, dip their handkerchiefs in their powder magazines and re-touch their glowing faces with the pallor-producing material."

The Titusville Herald's society notes describe a belle who "attracts much attention since she got her new teeth. She sings divinely, and when vocalizing always puts her teeth on the piano."

In one of the mountains of the Miami Valley, Ohio, a patient antiquarian has come upon evidence of a buried civilization, in the shape of the tail of a lamb about four inches long, of blue stone. It bears a petrified ripple suggestive of a fleece, and is believed to be the same little lamb which Mary had on one occasion when she was endeavoring to obtain the rudiments of her education.

W. W. Story, the sculptor, lately told a correspondent of The Methodist why he worked in Rome and not in America. The strongest of all his reasons was, that in America one always was the feeling of hurry.

"The busy life at home," he says, "drives me too rapidly. You always feel the crack of the whip behind you. The very air, as yet, is laden with too much haste and excitement for the true discipline of art. Your nerves are always overstrained, and you wear out before your ideals are realized."

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